

1077

The Corrector.

BY TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

"I FEAR NO FROWNS, AND SEEK NO BLIND APPLAUSE."

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1804.

No. 5.

CÆLIUS, No. II.

TO DE WITT CLINTON, ESQ.

SIR, April 6, 1804.

THE warmest admirers of a republican government must confess, that, though far superior in general excellence to any other institution of society, which the wisdom of man has yet devised, yet even in its purest exercise, (such is the incurable depravity of our nature) it is attended with abuses, which in a great measure impede its operation, and counteract its effects; and which if suffered to grow and increase without ~~control~~, must finally corrupt its principles and pervert it from its end. Each form of government, we are told, has its peculiar advantages; the measures of a monarchy are prompt and energetic, those of an aristocracy wisely and deliberately planned, and those of a popular government always honestly intended: but the energy of monarchy is the tyranny of oppression; the wisdom of aristocracy the arts of treachery; and even the honest intentions of the people must frequently be frustrated by the baseness of those whom they honor with their confidence and whom they invest with their powers. Why should we deny the fact? By unjust arts at once to acquire and deceive the confidence of the people, is a task that by no means demands superior talents. The consciousness of their own sincerity renders them slow to suspect the professions of others; where the delusion is but momentary, the evils that arise from it are necessarily of short continuance; the influence of one demagogue is soon destroyed by another. By these successive defeats, the eyes of the people are at length opened, and the whole body exposed to the public hatred and derision. But alarming indeed is the condition of that country, where all those whose interested or ambitious views lead them to consider the happiness of the people, as no obstacle to the accomplishment of their pernicious designs, sensible of their individual weakness, unite in one body, and form a grand conspiracy against the virtuous and patriotic portion of the community. Without claiming the gift of prophecy, we may venture to predict, that unless such a conspiracy be, in its very commencement, detected and dissolved, the liberties of the people will soon be forgotten in the tumultuous horrors of anarchy, or the fatal tranquility of despotism. The licentiousness of the press, soon destroys its liberty, and an affected zeal for principles sanctifies all the aberrations of practice; men of virtue and principle retire with disgust and contempt from a country which knows not how to appreciate their merits, or to avail herself of their talents.

Of a letter addressed to you, Sir, these remarks may appear to some a singular introduction: but you have already felt their peculiar propriety, and have already made the application. It is painful for me to proceed: I would willingly spare your feelings; but there exists an imperious necessity, that the people of this state should no longer remain ignorant of your designs and character; and whilst you, Sir, contemplate the picture which I intend to draw, and recognize the resemblance, if you are not as callous to remorse as you are lost to all sense of rectitude, and dead to all the milder feelings of humanity, in the agony of self-detestation you will curse even the bounties of nature, you will regard with horror even the light of the sun, and the gift of existence.

The general voice of the public will justify me in considering you as the author and instigator of the calumnies against Mr. Burr. Even before the inundation of abuse which was poured from the columns of the Citizen, all your prudence was insufficient to restrain the poisonous overflowings of your hatred.

I would not willingly detract from the merit of your allies and coadjutors—I would not touch the honors of the house of Livingston, a house that has embodied and animated every imaginable form of vice, and of which the members seem to rise in regular gradations of iniquity; from the petty villain who contents himself with ruining his neighbor, to the daring traitor who attempts the liberties of his country. But in the formation and execution of the plan, to destroy the reputation of Mr. Burr, and to render him suspected and hateful to a people who had hitherto trusted to his integrity, with implicit confidence, there was something, Sir, which at once declared its author. It was a plan which all allow you alone could have the depravity to form, or the audacity to execute.

The envy of superior talents I may safely assign as the original cause of your enmity to Mr. Burr. This, Sir, is a passion which is always found to rage with peculiar virulence in minds like yours;—minds in which the ambition of becoming eminent, is strangely connected with the impotence that nature meant for obscurity. You saw that Mr. Burr, by his profound knowledge of the law, and his rare talents of eloquence, had raised himself to the first rank in his profession; you saw that by his inflexible integrity and his undeviating patriotism, he had secured the confidence of his country; these things, Sir, you saw, and you sickened at the sight. The example of his success, instead of inspiring you with a noble emulation to imitate his virtues, served only to excite in your breast the painful and degrading emotions of envy: even then, Sir, you determined to destroy the reputation which you could not equal.

That overbearing and incautious violence which has since marked your actions, had not then displayed itself. Your experience too of mankind was at that time limited, and you could not reasonably hope to find a man to whose congenial feelings you might entrust your wrongs, and whose counsels might assist you to complete the ruin which you meditated. You were yet a novice in political life, and the reputation of Mr. Burr seemed so firmly established, that the attempt to shake it might have appeared desperate and vain, even to an audacity superior to your own. But an event soon happened, which was destined to call into pernicious action, those dark designs over which you had so long been brooding in secrecy and silence.

A most beneficial change took place in the public opinion. The inconsistent administration of Mr. Adams, had completely destroyed the influence of the federal party, and for ever discredited their pretensions. By the almost unanimous voice of the nation, Mr. Jefferson was called to the presidential chair. The vice-president was of course to be taken from the northern states, and as the merits of Mr. Burr were judged most likely to unite the suffrages of the people, his claims were preferred to those of Governor Clinton. Your rage knew no bounds, and whilst writhing under the first pangs of disappointment, you again vowed the destruction of Mr. Burr.

Your choice of the instrument, to effectuate this virtuous intention, does equal honor to the excellence of your heart, and the soundness of your judgment. A felon, who had with difficulty escaped from the justice of his country, a wretch, who, by his indiscriminate attacks on character, had long since rendered himself odious to the virtuous of all parties, was chosen, to impeach the motives, to blacken the morals, and of course to destroy the popularity and influence of the second magistrate of the union. I spoke of your choice of this man, sir, as proceeding from your judgment, but perhaps it was the effect of necessity. I sincerely hope, for the honor of my

country, that she does not contain another man, base and venal enough, to engage in the task, which this creature found so congenial to his nature.

The accusations of your hireling, were treated by Mr. Burr with the most contemptuous neglect. Did it suit his dignity, or could he conceive it necessary, to reply to such charges, and advanced by such a man? Nor did they produce those effects on the sentiments of the people, which you had so fondly and so confidently expected. Indignation indeed, at the shameless audacity of your imported friend, seemed at this period, to be the prevailing sentiment; for a while, you judged it proper to intermit the attack.

The interval was employed to strengthen your alliance with the respectable family of Livingston's; an alliance under the oppression of which this state has long groaned, and which now seems to threaten the utter prostration of its liberties. Previous to this period, there had not existed much cordiality between the two families. Towards your new allies, your venerable uncle was known to entertain no other sentiments, than those of detestation and contempt. You had hitherto shewn some regard to his feelings, and had paid some deference to his opinions, but the exigency of the moment you conceived would justify the sacrifice. On the other part, the hatred of the Livingstons was not less sincere; with that arrogance of sentiment, which has always struck me, as the most marked characteristic of the family, they had openly and boldly declared, that to whatever party they might find it convenient to attach themselves, they never would unite their interests to those of the Clintons: but you, sir, well understood their character, and their unrelenting devotion to their ruling end. To whom their favors which you held out, the share of the plunder, which your promised, were temptations too powerful to be resisted; and nobly discarding all their prejudices, with eager transport, they rushed into your arms.

The attack on Mr. Burr was now renewed with increased vigour. This second accusation was far more artful than the first, and indeed, was admirably calculated to alienate the affections of the people from their former favorite. The effect of the counsels of your new associates was here visible, the charge indeed, though its truth were admitted, involved no moral or political turpitude; but it was the intention of the people, that Mr. Jefferson should be elected their president, and he who attempted to contradict their desires was forever ruined in their esteem.*

Mr. Burr was still silent; during the election he had publicly disclaimed all competition with Mr. Jefferson; he had remonstrated with those of his friends who were inclined to give him their exclusive support, and had assured them, that he could never submit to the indignity of filling an office, to which he was not called by the clear and unequivocal wishes of the people. These facts were known to his friends, and I will venture to say, they were known even to you, sir; but of these facts, the people at large were as yet ignorant, and the circumstances of the time gave some colour of probability to the accusation, which you had so ingeniously invented.

*As the votes for Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Burr were equal, the right of election of course devolved on the house of representatives, and this right they were bound to exercise agreeably to their own judgment. By their votes, the people had declared them equally possessed of their confidence, and the house of representatives was now to decide whose merits should finally preponderate. To their decision, by the constitution of our country, every citizen is obliged to submit; yet the Virginians have been frequently heard to declare, that had their choice fallen on Mr. Burr, the consequence must have been a CIVIL WAR. Let the people of this state reflect on this.

The popularity of Mr. Burr now rapidly declined; the silence, which proceeded from a dignified consciousness of innocence, was perversely construed into a confession of guilt. About this period lamenting the mistake, though not condemning the injustice of his country, Mr. Burr had probably determined to retire forever from public life, but to this determination his friends could not submit, they perceived that the situation of the state demanded the instant exertion of his talents, and his patriotism: They felt that the motives, which had hitherto restrained them, were no longer of any force, and they at length resolved to unmask and prostrate the faction, which had so long triumphed in the insolent exultation of success. One of these gentlemen, whose talents and information (as is evident from the work) peculiarly qualified him for the task, undertook the vindication of his injured friend: The pamphlet of Aristides appeared, and the accusation against Mr. Burr vanished into air. The people acknowledge they have been deceived, and are determined to do justice to the man, whom you, sir, in your pious regard for their welfare, had singled out for destruction. I will not pretend to describe your feelings upon the appearance of this pamphlet; I will not attempt to point out the horror and dismay that were seated on your countenance. This, sir, was the proper moment for repentance, had you confessed your guilt, and publicly implored the pardon of the man, whom you had so basely attempted to injure, you would not, indeed, have received the confidence of the people, but you would certainly have escaped the punishment, which I fear, their indignation will soon render inevitable.

Besides the gratification of private enmity you had a further object in the persecution of Mr. Burr. You well know that if you could succeed in destroying his influence on the minds of his fellow-citizens, you would have removed a principal obstacle to the accomplishment of your ambitious designs. When the vindication of Mr. Burr appeared, and the accusations against him were shewn to be entirely groundless, despair for a while benumbed all your faculties: but it is an observation of moralists, that he who has once passed the bounds of virtue, seldom returns; and your example, Sir, furnished an additional proof of its justice. Your propensity to mischief soon revived, and again throwing off the mask, you proceeded from an injury on the honor of a citizen, to a direct violation of the sanctity of the constitution.

I know not, Sir, in what terms to characterize the late proceedings of your faction with respect to the Merchants' Bank: they are as violent as they are ill-conceived; and as injurious to the interests of the community, as they are manifestly in contradiction to the laws of your country. But, Sir, the suspicions of the people are now aroused, and suspicion will infallibly terminate in a conviction of the truth. Even your own partisans begin to rebel; and, with the velocity of contagion, disaffection and discontent spread through the ranks. Already Brockholst begins to murmur; the Chief Justice himself trembles; and the worthy president of the Manhattan Company again professes his regard for the talents and integrity of Mr. Burr.

Amongst republicans, those differences of opinion, which divide the citizens into parties, chiefly arise as to the manner of administering the government. A spirit of the most narrow and intolerant bigotry must actuate him, who can for a moment hesitate to admit, that there are men of all parties, who equally intend the good of their country, and who are equally attached to its established constitution. When this constitution itself is not endangered, and the sole contest respects the choice of our rulers, it may be proper and laudable, to refuse all political association with those whose principles are opposed to our own. But that there are times when the common and universal danger demands the sacrifice of these slighter differences of opinion, to the care of the general safety, it were absurd or criminal to deny. And if there can exist a crisis in the affairs of a nation, which renders indispensable the union of all honest men, and real friends to their country, without distinction of parties, that crisis is the present. The aristocratic faction is indeed terrified, but by no means defeated; and if we be not saved by the prompt, the unremitted,

and the united exertions of all who detest tyranny, and love their country, they must finally be triumphant. Let those who can reconcile their minds to such an event, remain in active: I, at least, shall have secured to myself the consolation of having performed my duty.

Through the gloom and darkness which lower o'er the political hemisphere, it may be possible for men of extensive views, or lively fancies, to discern, or imagine, a brighter heaven and a more salubrious sky; but whilst their minds are wrapt in this forced elevation, the darkness redoubles, the storm bursts o'er their devoted heads, sacrifices all in its indiscriminating fury, involves and oppresses us all in one common ruin. The wishes, or the endeavors of man cannot alter the established course of nature: but the darkness of which I speak, as it has been raised by the machinations of the wicked, so may it be dispelled by the exertions of the virtuous. Whilst the collecting clouds, not yet fully charged with the materials of havoc and destruction, are still floating in mid-air, by a judicious mixture of wisdom and fortitude, it is here possible

—*reducere solem, fugareque tenebras.**

CÆLIUS.

* The cheerful lustre of the sun restore,
And chase the envious gloom that clouds his rays.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

EBENEZER.

I have seen the man, nay, I know him. "But to say I know any good of him, were to say more than I know."

The honorable Ebenezer —, is a man whose folly renders him unfit for any thing, but to be the tool of a knave. Ignorant, conceited, and empty, he would be utterly unworthy of my notice, were it not that through his "seven-fold shield of tough bull hide" I may perhaps hit some of his employers who shelter themselves behind the name of Ebenezer. I bear him no enmity—Heaven forbid I should.

"The lion preys not upon carcases."

But it was through the iron and brass armor of the hero of old, that a passage was achieved to his heart. It is through the iron and brass of such mad, malignant ideots as Cheetham, and such thick-skulled blockheads as Ebenezer, Billy Lucious, and others, that we must penetrate, to reach the sinews of a faction, more wildly depraved than ever before disgraced this country—more weak and malicious than ever disgraced the world.

Every body knows that Ebenezer was a gallant supporter of the rights of his country during the revolutionary war. Like the brave Jean Bon St. Andié, he would indeed occasionally run away; but what of that?—he always ordered his men to fight to the last extremity. It was therefore perhaps not a little owing to his valor that he gained "the affections and favors" of De Witt, who is himself more valiant than "St. George and the dragon to boot."

Ebenezer was some years ago translated most miraculously from his farm-yard to a seat on the bench, and from a judge of horse-flesh, became a judge of right and wrong, by virtue of his office. Our "most righteous judge," our "second Daniel," now began to fancy him a man of no small ability. He dealt out law indeed with a sparing hand, but then again he administered justice, with a vengeance, in such quantities that every man, woman, and child was satisfied to their heart's content, and went away, as honest Lithgow says, "rejoicing in an extraordinary sorrow of delights."

In this situation, where his fame spread not beyond the narrow limits of his sphere of action, he continued for some time, and might perhaps have continued still, had not the valiant De Witt discovered him. This great political quack-doctor and chymist, who can transmute lead into gold, and for whom has been probably reserved the honor of discovering the philosopher's stone, saw immediately, in him, a man formed in the very avarice of nature, without one qualification to attract the esteem of

men of honor, and hugged himself in the fortunate discovery. He saw that Ebenezer might be made, or rather that nature had already made him, a tool, a beast of burthen, a fawning spaniel, who would fetch and carry, and think himself rewarded by "the crumbs which fall from the great man's table." He took him by the hand, and was not disappointed; for he had looked into a congenial heart.

Ebenezer now acting a part on a more wide, extended, and various theatre, exhibited a chaos of blunders and stupidity. He was the clown, the scaramouch of the play, and the jest of the audience. But he was still the steadfast, humble dependant, who always answered to the whistle of his master, and licked the dust at his feet.

For these good services he is now about to receive his reward, in again disgracing the high station of senator, and immeasurably disgracing his constituents. Power of Omnipotence! that such a man should aspire to such a station!

"I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,"

than be his colleague—I should blush for myself—I should blush for him;—and above all, I should blush for my country!

"So much for Buckingham!"

RODERICK.

THE CORRECTOR.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11.

As some circumstances may render it expedient to change my printer, the public are informed that this is probably the last number of THE CORRECTOR that will be published by S. Gould & Co. This circumstance may possibly prevent its regular appearance next Saturday. If so, the calumniating rascals whom I have undertaken to tickle, will have a few days in which to give proof of their reformation. I shall employ myself in the interim in twisting a whip of scorpions for them should they persevere.

Of this the public may be assured, I will not give over my design of checking the licentiousness of that infamous press, whose patrons they are, and which they have employed to murder the reputation and the peace of their neighbors.

If I fail in making them completely muzzle their ruffian, I will take care that they shall carry the lashes of my chastisement in full view, like those villains whom justice brands upon the forehead.

I had prepared an address recommending COLONEL Broome for lieutenant-governor. Shewing his revolutionary services, which are of the PURDY kind. Displaying his talents, enlarging on his liberality, &c. &c. as written down in the records of the Insurance Company. But particularly supporting his election on the grounds daily enumerated in our streets by "Sapskull, his hopeful son." As, however, his friends have desisted from their eulogies of Mr. Phelps, I at present hold this back.

John R. is advised to keep his impertinent chattering propensities under a little command. I have not much wish to take him in hand; but, if I do, I trust I shall with a few applications, cure him of his three prominent infirmities: "a lying tongue, a deceitful heart, and a short memory."

JUDAS.

Since Arthur, the changeling patriot, has taken the name of JUDAS, he is as busy, and as meddling, and as respectable, as his great progenitor. But pray, have you yet received your reward for treachery?—have you ginkled the thirty pieces of silver? Answer, double-tongue.

BAROMETER MITCHELL.

This Weather Glass editor, who serves as a true Barometer to point out the clouds or sunshine of po-

litical favor, is still canting and whining about his poverty. I never saw a fellow half so importunate to receive his wages in advance. Do Morgan Lewis take the hint; put your hand in the family purse and give the begging wretch a few pennies. God knows he *earns* them.

"Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, to clothe a back
From such a filthy vice?"

DECISIVE PROOF IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

It has frequently been asserted by the redoubtable editor of the American Citizen, that the charges which he and his coadjutors have found convenient to prefer against the vice-president could be substantiated by their evidence in a court of justice. The tribunal, however, which could consent to admit such testimony, must possess a capacity at least equal to the justice who lately decided a singular case of larceny in the country. An honest farmer accused an Irishman of stealing a spade from his fields: and having arrested the felon and brought him before a neighbouring justice, he stated his case in these plain terms. "This fellow came into my field and stole a spade, may it please your worship, and I have brought one witness who saw him take it." "One witness," exclaimed Paddy, "Och by my shoul may it please your worship and I can bring twenty that never saw me take it at all at all." A very clear case "quoth his worship, nothing more clear, there's just twenty to one against you farmer."

Cheetham, I am informed, roundly asserts, that his patron has purchased the votes of all the Irishmen in the city from a fellow who pretends to be their leader, and have them all at his command.

PROMOTION.

Promotion is, I understand, the order of the day in the political families. Morgan has been a faithful laborer in the political vineyard. For some time he bore a flag in the federal army, in the station of attorney general, until brighter offers were made by the opposite legions. Like a certain revolutionary hero, his desertion was the result of cool and deliberate calculation, and a seat on the bench of justice was his reward. He is now to be promoted to the post of commander in chief, a station to which his services in the cause (of the families) eminently entitle him.

The promotion of Morgan, makes a vacancy in the list of judges, and this is to be filled by that magnanimous *ridiculus mus* DICKY.

A bowing, scraping little imp,
A cringing, strutting abject pimp,
With honor just enough to *swear by*,
Which otherwise, he sets no care by.
Into his worthless bosoms ram'd,
A heart with little vices cram'd;
He deals out wickedness by retail,
Not being bold enough for wholesale,
And just makes out to evade the law;
Of that rogues' bug-bear called the Law;
And is like many of his sect
As honest as the ads direct;
His wit is *minus*, but his tongue
To make up for it is full long,
And like a running horse, the latter
Runs fastest with least weight or matter;
Yet still for intellect he'll bear off
The palm from surface, our wise sheriff.
Tho' he must yield it up, of right,
To BILLY R— as the *ding-boat knight*,
(Who I've no doubt in time will rate
Attorney General of the state.)
Dick's father, when he sent his child
To study law, a *Taylor* spoil'd,
For Spencer or Judge Lewis could not
With more completeness turn a coat;
And ever with the *fashion* swimming,
All own'd that he was great at *trimming*.
Like weather cock, he, ne'er at rest,
Now pointed east, now turn'd to west,
'Till the Clintonian gang at last,
With a *snug office* nail'd him fast.

This diminutive, hand kissing hypocrite, crawled into political life in a manner that gave faithful promise of his future character. He had been told that his form and size of person, bore some resemblance to that of General Hamilton, and he immediately set to work with unwearied assiduity, forming himself into one of those *ditto* animals, by satirical writers denominated *Polygraphs*, but more commonly known by the appellation of *doubles*. He imitated all General Hamilton's actions and habits, echoed his customary phrases and expressions, aped his walk, aped his gestures, aped his mode of salutation, &c. and so engrafted these things on his own monkey tricks and grimaces, that he became a standing jest of the bar, and was honored with the title of

GENERAL HAMILTON'S APE.

A true anecdote may serve to shew to what an extreme he carried this rage for imitation. General Hamilton setting in court one day, near a window, the air blew on his head through a broken pane of glass. The general folded up his handkerchief and laid it on the side of his head. This did not escape the eyes of his vigilant monkey. The next day, Dickey was observed seated in another part of the court, where he was not exposed to any draught of air, with his handkerchief folded up and laid on his head, precisely *a la mode de Hamilton*!

Having thus began in a small way he progressed industriously in assuming manners and pretending qualities not his own, till he has become accustomed to deception and duplicity. At first he threw his *mite* into the federal scale, but perceiving that party to be on the decline and knowing they appreciated his merits too well to give him advancement, he abandoned their ranks and contrived to whip into the opposite party, just at the turn of the election.

Here Dicky exerted his oiliness of tongue and sycophantic manners to advantage, and shortly fawn'd and wriggled into an office. However deficient he may be in other respects it is certain he has a large stock of cunning.

"By giving aid from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of every state
And at a change ne'er came too late."

COMMUNICATION.

TO TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

OUR countrymen have been so frequently reproached by foreigners, not only with an insensibility to the merits and productions of literature, but with a total absence of the talents and genius requisite for the execution of any work of science, of taste, or imagination; that I feel a pride, grateful to the spirit of my patriotism, in announcing to the public, under your auspices, an undertaking which ought forever to silence the malignant calumnies of European critics.

Mons. H. Carritat, *Libraire and Bibliothécaire*, at Fenelon's Head, Broadway, has lately issued proposals for publishing by subscription "New and interesting publications by native and living authors." Many of these works have already appeared at periodical seasons, and more are now in preparation for the press. In order, therefore, to afford your readers some idea of their several merits, I shall from time to time transmit to you a short account of each performance in the form of a *Catalogue Raisonné*; and I have now taken the liberty of enclosing a notice of those numbers which have already been presented to the public.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Cousin,

TOUCHSTONE TICKLER.

"New and Interesting Publications by Native and Living Authors." *Catalogue Raisonné*, &c.

No. 1. "The Coalition, or the Constitution violated and a Bank destroyed," a Tragedy now performing with unbounded applause at the *Theatre Legistatif*, Albany; the principal characters by Messrs. C—n, L—n, L—s, S—r, and P—y. With an appendix, containing a severe

criticism upon the whole by the Hon. W—m D—g, and J—n W—h. A pamphlet slightly stitched.

No. 2. "The character of the worshipful Jeremiah Sneak, Mayor of Garratt, vindicated from the misrepresentations of Mr. Samuel Foote. By D—W—t C—n, Esq. &c. &c. &c." This work tho' not lettered, is bound in genuine Calf.

No. 3. "An Essay on the art of Toad-Eating," in which the first principles of lying, shuffling, cutting and *mis-dealing*, are traced from actual experience. By M—n L—n, toad-eater to the honorable the C—f J—e and director of the M—n C—y.

No. 4. "Memoirs of the Brag-Club," containing secret anecdotes of celebrated members, with annotations and comments, by ladies of the society. To which is added a short treatise upon the most approved methods of breeding, rearing, feeding and fighting game cocks. By Mister R—t L—n, standing candidate to the family. The orthography executed by his loving brother M—n and assistants. *In sheets*.

No. 5. "The Redemptioners, or the innocence of Frederic, and the perjury of his master," a tragic comedy, founded upon facts proven at a trial at Oyer and Terminer in 1801. By I—c C—n, late German convict, but now director of the M—n C—y. This work is bound in *Sheep* with a hollow back, richly gilt and totally unlettered.

No. 6. "Modern gratitude or mere matter of moon-shine," a farce, by D—L—, Esq. P. M. C. and A. S. S.

No. 7. "An arithmetical treatise upon the value of stripes, with compendious tables, shewing the market price of floggings, horse-whippings, kickings, cuffings and canings, at any given period," a composition, by Mr. J—s A—n, director of M—n C—y. with corrections, by capt. P—e, D. P—r, and Mr. H. N. C—r. (Sheep gilt and hot pressed.)

No. 8. "The Beauties of Deformity," a vision. Anonymous. Motto,

"Argus possessed an hundred eyes 'tis true,
But — looks an hundred ways with two;
Gimblets they are, and bore you thro' and thro'."
(To be Continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I again beg my correspondents to recollect, that the anecdotes with which I wish to be furnished, are solely of a political nature, and relative to the public and political conduct of the faction, whose errors I have undertaken to correct, and whose vices it is my intention to chastise.

Private anecdotes of this description I will thankfully receive, and if they are proved correct, will expose them before the public view.

It is a degrading and shameful truth, that private anecdotes, of a domestic nature, have been fabricated and published by the miscreants I am punishing, against the most pure and spotless characters in the community, yet I repeat, that nothing but the most flagitious and brutal perseverance in their villainous conduct, shall ever induce me to display even truths of this nature.

If I am compelled to meet them on such ground, as the only way of checking their enormities, still it is my firm determination that nothing shall ever induce me to enter their domestic circles, or to utter a sentence that shall reflect in the slightest degree, or involve in the remotest manner, the foibles or the weakness of female frailty.

The correspondents for whom this paragraph is intended, will, I trust, fully understand me without more particular designation.

An enemy to detraction is informed that particular considerations render his well written essay premature.

A multitude of other communications are postponed through want of room. A dissertation on the art of packing juries is received. Inquiry shall be made into the affair to which it alludes.

S. GOULD, and Co.

Have for Sale a General Assortment of
LAWYERS' AND MERCHANTS' BLANKS.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

THE COALITION.

AN OLD BALLAD, WITH A NEW APPLICATION.

De Witt and Co. in dark divan,
With Livingstons were met;
Diamond cut diamond was the word;
Each spread his wily net.

Each bowed, and in most friendly guise,
Be-citizen'd the other;
And giving the fraternal hug,
Call'd him his loving brother.

Each had his views and strove to catch
The ether in his gin;
Bold Clinton wanted to get up,
And Lewis to get in.

In Clinton's eye was the chief judge
"Ambition's tow'ring ladder;"
And Morgan meant as a balloon,
To use this mob-blown bladder.

'Twas thus deceiving and deceived,
They made their Coalition:
Each vowing when he gained his ends,
The others' sure perdition.

From the Daily Advertiser of August 7th, 1862.

BRUTUS, No. V.

The interesting events which have lately been presented to the attention of the community, I trust will sufficiently explain and justify the delay of the present publication. The various complexions which the contest between Mr. Burr and his enemies, has assumed, demand the dispassionate consideration of the country. The testimony which is daily furnished, of the malevolent intentions of the faction, which has assailed the reputation of the vice-president, is rapidly developing the character of their conduct. If while I attempt with calmness, to elucidate the motives of those men, who are evidently endangering the welfare of the country, they shrink from an impartial scrutiny, and betray all the terrors of conviction, with what firmness will they bear the promulgation of bolder truths? The facts I have hitherto advanced, have not been controverted. It has not been attempted to explain or reconcile, the sentiments and conduct of Governor Clinton, and his connexions. The corrupt proceedings of the late Council of appointment, have not been defended; and although I shall frequently have occasion to advert to the impropriety of their conduct and of those who wish to direct the politics of the state, I shall leave them for a moment, and proceed more immediately to consider the merits of the controversy, which now agitates the republican party.

At the late presidential election, the beam was nearly poised: the balance in the republican scale was small, and so far as subsequent elections can be deemed indications of the public mind, we have little or no accession of strength to boast. We have to contend with men, habituated to the enjoyment of power, and the exercise of public authority, possessions so flattering to the human mind, will be indefatigable in their endeavors to recover the ground they have lost. The commanding voice of the people, has indeed, expelled them from that ground; but while they are reluctantly retiring, like Achilles from the combat, they cast an indignant eye towards the ministers of this just judgment, and are continually uttering denunciations against them. They have many men of talents and experience among them. They have many active partisans throughout the country. In short, this opposing phalanx is composed of formidable materials; and had it not been for the rapidity with which they advanced in their career of folly and impudence; had not a fatal dissension arisen among themselves; had it not been for the jarring interests of the red rose, and the white, it is extremely problematical whether the people of this country would have been

able to reduce them, if at all, without one of those violent convulsions, which are sometimes necessary to restore the political constitution to health and vigor. They will, unquestionably, profit by their experience; nor ought we, in the full tide of our prosperity, wantonly to disregard circumstances, decisive of the fate of our adversaries. We ought carefully to avoid those paths which led them to their ruin.

The late attack upon the Vice-president, whatever may be the truth of the charges exhibited against him, is peculiarly impolitic at the present moment. It was not to have been expected by any rational politician, that a man, who had, without the aid of family connections, hereditary right, or any other extrinsic causes, acquired a reputation, envied indeed by his enemies, but admired by the world: who had long been eminent for his professional talents, as well as his generosity and benevolence; distinguished as an able officer, and statesman, in some of the most elevated public stations; who now holds the second office under the government; and for whom there exists in the community, not only a general prepossession, but also a particular attachment of a numerous host of personal friends, not to be duped by a junto of malignant impostors: It could not have been expected, I say, that such a man, who had been eminently useful and important in producing the late revolution of public sentiment, could be sacrificed without a struggle, without a convulsion, that would shake to its centre the magnificent fabric we have lately reared. A furious political maniac, vain of his own strength, buoyed up with false ideas of his own power, might indeed in imagination, drag such an antagonist to the altar of his faction, and offer the victim to his horrid deities: he might bring him to the guillotine, and after having severed his head, he might with murderous hand, triumphantly expose it to the surrounding crowd, to gratify the curiosity of some, and the hellish appetite for blood of others. But those are visionary scenes. Fancy, ordinarly licentious in her sports, urged on by passion, strays more widely still from truth. When we endeavor to realize those scenes, we are undeceived: and then alas, we find the impracticability of executing such mad projects, and are filled with mortification and disappointment. A schism to some extent or other, ought to be anticipated from a breach with Mr. Burr, and how far it will extend, is impossible to foresee; it will at all events give hopes and confidence to our adversaries, and in the same proportion encrease their strength. Whatever, therefore, the facts may be, having attached every possible degree of truth and importance to them, it would have been more judicious to have deferred a public investigation until some future period. We want time, harmony, and co-operation to consolidate our strength. No partial considerations, no personal enmities should induce us to risk the general welfare.

It has with great effrontery been said, that there is only a "little band" in this city, who disapprove the conduct of the factious calumniators who are assailing Mr. Burr, who steadily disregard the dictates of wisdom, and make war upon every virtuous principle. Bigots and enthusiasts can work themselves up to a belief of the most absurd propositions; and the ambitious intriguer can, to the ignorant, throw an air of plausibility over every thing that will favor his views. Thus, it is pretended, that Col. Burr is weak, partly to justify the attack, but principally in order to make him so. And what man of common information who regarded delicacy or decency, would hazard such a declaration? Would any but Cheetham, Mr. Osgood, Mr. Wortman, Mr. Clinton, or Mr. Riker have done it? Does not the knowledge of every real republican contradict the gross assertion? Is not Mr. Burr esteemed by the independent republicans of this place—by men who disdain the controul of either of the assuming factions that endeavour to raise their monstrous heads among us? He is esteemed, and admired as the able propagator of sound principles; and a liberal enlightened people, knowing the value of those principles, and feeling a strong sense of justice towards their patron, will not desert him at the call of every impudent reviler. They will not abandon him because his merit, and his honors, excite the envy of a wretched banditti, who can only travel to unmerited office and preferment, over the

ruins of his reputation. Never have any set of men committed so gross, so flagrant a violation of all truth and decorum. Affiliated for purposes too wicked to be for a moment endured by the public eye, they have often met in dark divan, whence, after brooding over their mischiefs until they supposed them mature—unmindful of the scrutinizing eye of the world, apparently ignorant of the ultimate force of truth, they have audaciously attempted to impose on the unsuspecting, their ill-begotten offspring; of hideous shame indeed—detected and defeated however—miserably disappointed in their hopes—condemned by the general sentiment of honest men, to infamy and disgrace, they must, by a life of penitence, make their peace with the world, for their violation of every principle of honor.

The charges against the vice-president will appear the more false, slanderous and malicious, as the development of this subject progresses.—One of the conspirators combined in the plot, and the least interested in it, has already, in a style of candor, and ingenuousness, made his confession, and communicated to the world, facts and circumstances, conclusive with respect to the motives and objects of the others. Additional evidence is daily unfolding their secret designs.—Had public spirit, had patriotic or honorable motives governed in the attack on Col. Burr, a different conduct would have been pursued, a better time, a more judicious would have been chosen. But the bosoms of his enemies, actuated wholly by selfish considerations, felt no such motives. Envy, pride, and ambition, are the impure fountains from which the nauseous streams poured upon him, have flowed. I shall ascend to those putrid sources, investigate the poisonous qualities they contain, the noxious soil in which they spring, and caution the unwary citizen, who thirsts for political truth, against the danger of imbibing the fatal draught.

Whoever peruses *The Narrative*, as well as *The View*, must see that they have originated in personal enmity. That they constitute a premeditated attack, for which materials have been for some time collecting. An organized system of persecution, the violence and extravagance of which, defeat its own ends. Not a single virtue or good quality, not even the merit of ability is allowed Mr. Burr. Such are the genuine characteristics of scurrilous invective. Those who wield the instruments of slander, should have known, that the reflecting part of the community were not to be influenced by assertions, impudent indeed, but notoriously false. They look for evidence—nay, they will suspect the motives of those, who, unsupported by it, and in a strain of the vilest billingsgate abuse, calumniate a character high in the public confidence. We all know that upon sound principles, inasmuch as the presumption, is always favorable, proof must be advanced by the accuser. The accused can never be compelled to prove his innocence. But such reflections did not occupy the minds of the unprincipled banditti, united to assassinate the vice-president's reputation.

BRUTUS.

* * A LETTER-BOX, for the accommodation of those gentlemen who are disposed to assist the editor of "THE CORRECTOR" by communications, is placed in the door fronting Wall-street, of the book-store of S. GOULD & Co. All articles comporting with the plan of this paper, and free from gross personalities, will be thankfully received.

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